BY MARY E. ROPES,

Author of "Katinka's Betrothal," etc.

"Tell me all."

CHAPTER III.

THE LOST JEWEL FOUND.

MADAME ROSTOLKIN led me to her room and locked the door ere she motioned me to a seat. Then she took from her pocket a small parcel, loosely folded in tissue paper, and, opening it out, emptied its contents upon the table without saying a word. As she did so, there was a sudden flash, a starry glitter of gems, and a ring rolled away from the gleaming heap and fell on the floor, hiding somewhere in a dark corner. But I never even glanced after it. My attention was riveted on one thing in the very centre of that precious mass, that shot out varied rays and colours under the shaded lamp. I made an exclamation of utter amazement, and Madame Rostolkin said—

"You are surprised, Miss Sinclair? Yes, that is your ring that rolled away just now, and it must be my painful duty to tell you how it came here, together with the rest of these jewels."

"Madame," said I, "it is not of my ring that I was thinking; it was of *this!*" and I picked up a splendid pearl and diamond pendant, and gazed at it in a sort of dream.

I was aroused by a touch on my shoulder, and Madame Rostolkin's voice saying to me—

"What, Miss Sinclair! You know this bauble? You have seen it before?"

"I do know it, madame! I have seen it before."

"And where?"

"In London; at the house of a friend."

"Tell me all," she replied, and seating herself by my side she took the jewel from my hand, gazed upon it long and earnestly, and laid it gently upon the table, while I gave her, in a few words, an account of Mrs. Bradshaw's loss of her valued pendant, over the disappearance of which an impenetrable mystery had hung so long.

She heard me to the end without comment, save now and again a heart-broken sigh. But when I had finished, she said—

"Knowing so much, Miss Sinclair, you will be prepared to hear what I have to say to you. My Ivan, my only child, clever and capable as you know him to be, is, notwithstanding, insane on one point. He is the victim of kleptomania. There is, however, this peculiarity about his particular form of the possession (for I can call it nothing else). The organ of acquisitiveness is in him so strangely and abnormally developed, that instead of appropriating, as most kleptomaniacs do, anything portable that comes in their way, he is tempted by nothing but jewels, and these only when really fine. But as surely as he meets with any gems that excite his desire, all moral sense seems to disappear, and he is for the moment the slave of the demon of greed, and exercising the greatest care and cunning, is rarely, I fear, baffled in his attempt to gain possession of what he covets. When the treasures are once in his power, he seems to care for them no longer. He wraps them up in a bit of paper—as you see these ornaments were wrapped up—and leaves them in corners of his travelling trunks, his dressing case, or even his toilet drawers. He is conscious of this fatal tendency of his to a certain extent, feels ashamed of it, and resents being reminded of it, but he has the imperfect judgment and the absolute self-confidence of the monomaniac, and these are continually leading him into circumstances of danger and temptation. With every fresh indulgence of his craving, the force of resistance is weakened. If I am with him, my presence acts as a sort of check, but when he is away from me I never know to what perils he may expose himself. At any time he is liable to being taken up and brought to trial as a common thief, and yet I cannot persuade him to remain here quietly with me, superintending the affairs of our estate, giving up, for good and all, the idea of going into society, and leaving outside business to be transacted by agents. I have consulted physicians, specialists, as to his case, and they think his mental malady curable under certain conditions, one of these being that he should voluntarily submit himself to a course of treatment, putting his case unreservedly into the hands and under the control of his medical man. But this he has absolutely refused to do, and I have no power to influence him in the matter. There is yet another, but a slighter, chance of recovery. The doctors all say that any sudden shock to the nervous system, any terrible ordeal, involving acute physical suffering, or intense mental emotion, might cure him, but it would be at the risk of his life."

Madame Rostolkin paused; the effort of telling me the miserable story of her son and his demon-haunted life, had blanched her cheeks and taken the light out of her lovely eyes.

How well now I could understand the passionate pathos of that prayer which, in the stillness of the midnight hour, had come to my waking ears—the cry of a pleading mother for her first-born, her only living child; the wail of anguish going up from the breaking human heart to Him who, human as well as divine, has sympathy for all sadness, help for the helpless.

I could not speak; my sorrow for her overcame me and made me speechless. But she was quick to see what I did not express, and leaning forward she pressed her lips to my cheek, saying, with a touching sympathy—

"You are sorry for me! I thank you, my dear. Your sympathy makes it the easier for me to ask a favour of you."

"Anything!" I replied. "I am entirely at your disposal, madame."

She smiled through her tears and thanked me again. Then taking up the pendant from the table, she said, "You say you know to whom this belongs?"

"I do."

"And you also know the address of the lady?"

"Yes, she lives quite near some friends of my own."

"Very good. Well, my dear, I must have this jewel returned at once, before Ivan reaches home. It was quite by accident, in turning out one of his drawers this evening, that I found the packet; and though he is never likely to miss it, if he is not reminded in any way, yet still it would be best to make sure of the return of this particular trinket to its owner before he gets back. He cannot bear that any one should know of his mental affliction, and he would oppose the returning of the jewel on this account, if on no other."

"And what would you wish me to do, madame?"

"I am going to ask you to do something which I fear will be disagreeable to you, Miss Sinclair."

"Tell me; I don't mind what it is!" I cried, with a girl's enthusiasm.

"Listen, my dear; I am going to put the pendant into a wooden box, and pack it for sending by post. You will write a few words to go with it, merely saying that the jewel has been put into your hands to return to its owner, deferring any further explanations to some future time. You will then address it to the lady—a Mrs. Bradshaw, I think you said?"

"Yes, madame, that is soon done," I replied.

"And then," she continued, "I will have the sledge made ready, and you must drive to our nearest post-town, twenty versts away, and see this box registered and stamped."

"I fear I do not know Russian enough to arrange all that," I said.

"I will write a note to the postmaster," she replied, "then you will have no difficulty. I wish I could save you the long night drive, Miss Sinclair, but I cannot send a servant on such an errand, and I dare not go myself, for Ivan may be home now at any moment, and it would never do for me to be absent when he arrives."

"I quite understand, madame," I replied; "I do not mind the drive at all."

"Very good, then you had better start as soon as possible. Write your note, and bring it to me to enclose in the packet, which you shall then take to address. I meanwhile will find a box for the pendant, and order the sledge."

Another quarter of an hour, and with the precious packet in my pocket I stepped into the warm, fur-covered sledge, and sheltered from the driving wind by the broad back of Alexay, the coachman, who sat just in front of me, off we dashed at the best pace of two spirited steeds. During my drive nothing happened that is worthy of record. By the time Alexay pulled up his horses at the post-office, the keen air and swift motion had braced and nerved me, and I did not shrink from my little task, which Madame Rostolkin's letter had simplified greatly.

CHAPTER IV.

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS.

T was past the hour for receiving registered parcels, but on reading the letter the postmaster agreed to take my packet. I saw it duly registered, and received my receipt; then feeling relieved of all further responsibility, I turned to leave the office; but as I did so, a man enveloped in furs almost ran against me in the narrow doorway, and ere I was out in the street again I heard a voice that I knew ask if there were any letters or papers for the Rostolkin estate.

Thanks to my veil, I could feel sure that Ivan (for he it was) had not recognised me, and now, having the start of him, I quite hoped to reach home before he did. The sledge had been standing waiting at the corner of the street, but Alexay drove up as soon as I appeared, and as I was getting in he pointed to the other side of the road, where the driver of a troika (a three-horse sledge) was vainly trying to keep his horses quiet. They were snorting, chafing and prancing, and he seemed to manage them badly. From what Alexay said, I gathered—though I could not understand all—that the *yemschik* was but a lad, and that such a team as that was too much for him. But I was in too great a hurry to listen patiently, for I feared lest Ivan should come out and recognise his coachman and horses. He must have seen them before, but that they had stood waiting for me at the dark corner instead of in front of the post-office under the gas-lamp.

Off we went at a long, swinging trot. The horses knew well enough that their heads were turned towards home, and they got over the ground as though already the frosty wind brought to their nostrils whiffs from their luxurious stables, of clean oats and sweet hay.

We were out of the town in a few minutes and were driving along rapidly in rather a narrow road and between a mile or two of pine and fir wood, when a sound reached our ears of hasty galloping behind us.

Alexay looked over his shoulder, gave an exclamation, and pulled up as close as he could to the side of the road. On came the wildly-clattering hoofs, the iron shoes of three madly-bounding horses ringing on the hard frozen way.

Another instant of suspense, a cry from the young yemschik, a groan from some one else, and the three mad brutes went careering on, dragging behind them an overturned and empty sledge.

As soon as Alexay could quiet his own horses, made frantic at first by fear, he jumped off his box and tied the reins to a tree. The young yemschik, in trying to guide his runaway team past our sledge, had gone off the road on the other side, and upset the vehicle over a felled trunk. He picked himself up immediately, and proved to be quite unhurt, having only fallen into a snowdrift. But not so his fare. There, at the foot of the dark pine-stems, further away, lay a fur-enveloped form. Alexay and the lad both approached the prostrate figure, and the former struck a light, and, stooping, held the flickering match close to the pale face. Then starting back, he exclaimed, "Good God! It is my master!"

By this time I had joined him, and now kneeling by Ivan's side, I placed my fingers on his wrist; the pulse beat, but very slightly.

"Where has he been hurt, Alexay?" I asked in my imperfect Russian.

The man pointed to his young master's head, which was lying against the stump of a tree; upon this he must have struck in his fall.

The old coachman knew better than I did what was best to be done, so I left the direction of matters to him. He turned to the yemschik first, and said, "My son, thou must run back to the town as quickly as possible, call at the doctor's and send him on to the house Rostolkin; or, better still, come on with him, and then, at the same time, thou canst look for thy runaway horses. The lady and I will take charge of the Barrin."

Then stooping once more, he lifted the helpless form in his stalwart arms and carried it to the sledge, placing the young man so that I could support his head, and keep him from slipping.

Then off we started again, as swiftly as possible, and Alexay never drew rein till we drove up to the house door. In a few words I told Madame Rostolkin what had happened. She did not faint nor scream; she never lost control of herself for a moment. In a firm voice she gave the necessary orders, and when the unconscious Ivan was carried upstairs, and laid upon his bed, she quietly waited upon him, doing all that was possible before the arrival of the doctor.

I shall never forget the weeks that followed. For a long while Ivan lay in a stupor; after that came fever—brain fever, with violent delirium and intervals of terrible exhaustion. And all this time his mother never left him night or day, save for a few minutes at a time, when an old servant took her place at the bedside. To me she left the management of the house, and I had, of course, the charge of little Vania, keeping the child as still as possible, knowing how absolutely necessary for the patient was a quiet house.

Wearily the days went by—those never-to-be-forgotten weeks of December, days of pain, nights of raving; and the evening of the crisis came.

I was sitting in my room late on Christmas Eve, when Madame Rostolkin entered.

"Miss Sinclair," she said, "nurse is quite ill, and I have sent her to bed. I dare not be alone with my son to-night, for the doctor warns me that the crisis is at hand, and I may need help; will you come?"

And I rose and followed her without a word.

Oh, that night with its hand-to-hand battle with death! Oh, the agony of suspense when the life of that only son hung, as it were, by a thread! But with Christmas morning, thank God, came hope. To delirium had succeeded stupor, with a weakness which threatened collapse, but the Great Healer blessed the restoratives used, and the patient sank at last into a quiet sleep, the first for weeks. His mother and I watched by him, marking with hope, which was yet half fear, the gentle breathing, the more natural expression. Presently, as the grey winter daylight was stealing through the curtained windows, the patient began to stir a little, as though about to wake, and feeling that mother and son should be alone together at such a moment as this, I rose to leave the room. But ere I reached the door, Ivan's eyes opened wide, and, with a child-like look of wonder, rested on his mother's face, which was bending over him. Then I saw the light of recognition slowly dawning in those hollow, dark-circled eyes; I saw a smile, sweet as I had never seen smile of his before, playing round the parched lips. Then they opened and said one word, "Mother!"

I saw and heard no more, but sought my own room, and,

"On came three madly bounding horses."

falling on my knees by my bedside, prayed earnestly for the sparing of this life to be a blessing to that brave and patient mother, to whom it had hitherto been but one long anxiety and source of unhappiness.

"Happy Kissmas, Miss Kate," murmured a soft little voice outside my door just before breakfast-time, and when I opened the door and dear little Vania rushed into my arms, he said joyfully, "*Suts* a happy Kissmas, 'cause dear papa's better." Then confidentially he whispered in my ear, "Is it the baby-Desus comin' what's made him better? Vania likes buffdays, but Desus' buffdays best of all."

Ivan's recovery was slow but sure, and after a while he was strong enough to be carried downstairs and laid upon a sofa, where he was allowed to see his little son.

The first time that I saw the young man after the night of the crisis, was on this occasion; and I was struck by an indefinable change in his face and manner. His eyes, larger than ever, and shaded with those long-fringed lids, met mine frankly without the old flicker of strange fires, or furtive side-glance. His smile was readier and sweeter, and there was a look of peace about the face which was new to it.

A mother's faith and devotion were once rewarded by the Master, and an inestimable boon was granted her. Might it not be that *this* mother's faith and devotion were to be rewarded also, and that the desire of her heart was to be given her?

Yes, it was even so. From his sick bed Ivan Rostolkin arose a changed man. In more senses than one old things had passed away, and all things had become new; for not only had the demon of kleptomania left him, but his heart, touched by his mother's love, and softened by the great trial through which he had passed, and the thought of the goodness and mercy of God, was thenceforth given to Him, and his spared and brightened life was consecrated to the Divine Master.

I remained with Madame Rostolkin as nursery-governess to Vania until the boy was old enough to have a tutor. Then I stayed on as companion to the dear lady, for Ivan married again, and his mother left the great mansion to him and his bride, and went to live in a smaller house at a little distance from the Rostolkin estate.

When I had been altogether about twelve years in Russia, my dear lady and friend died, and this was the bitterest sorrow that my life had ever known, for I had come to love Madame Rostolkin as I had never loved any one before, as I never expect to love any one again.

She left me a handsome legacy, and with this and my savings, I returned to England to my old Aunt Jemima, adding my little fortune to her slender income and living with her.

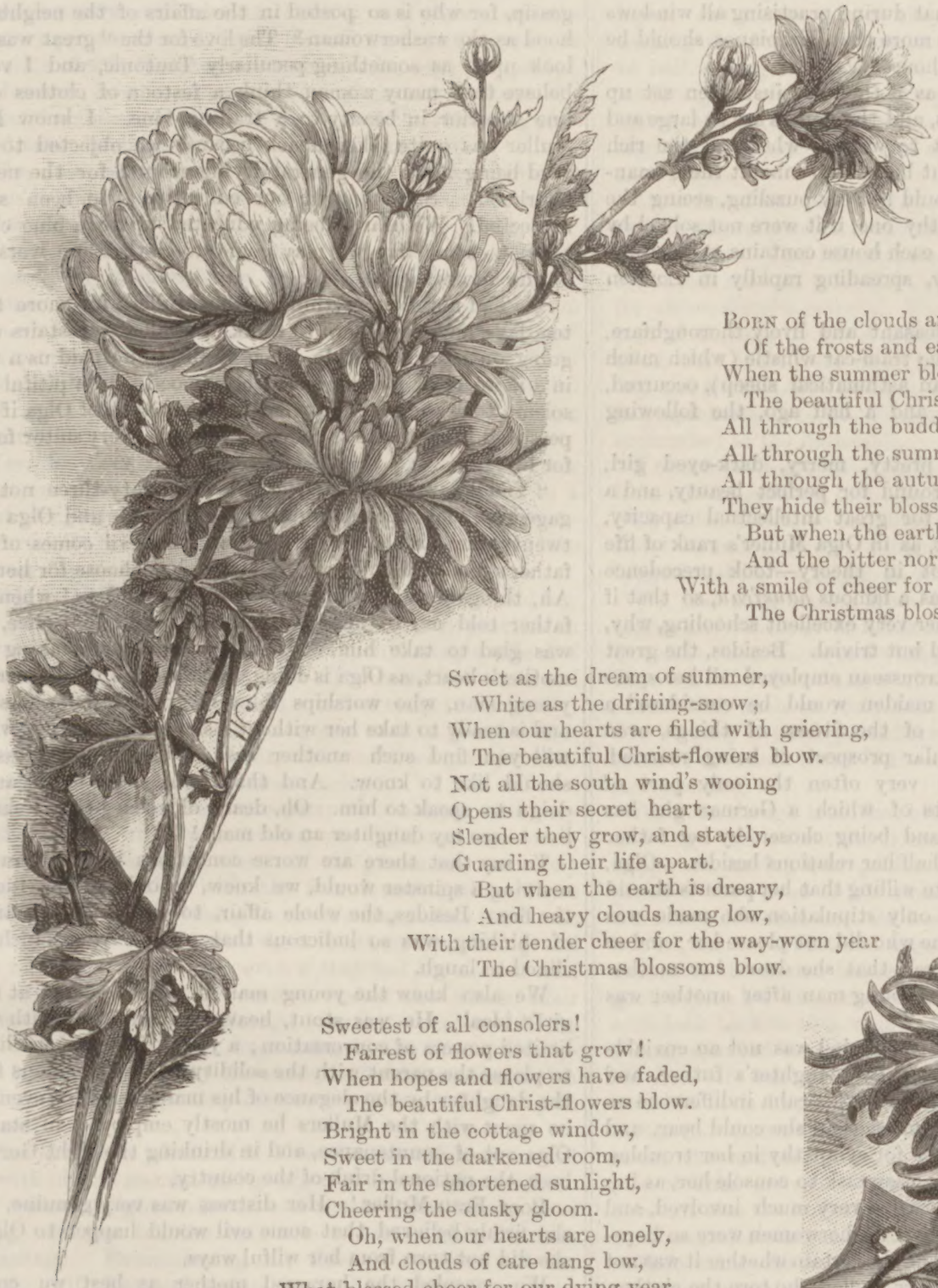
I am getting past middle life now, and my aunt is a very old lady, though wonderfully brisk for her age, and with a mind as clear and as energetic as ever. But there is a change in her which I am glad to see, and pleased to record.

I have noticed that ever since I came back to London, related my adventures and experiences, and contributed by my earnings to her comfort, she has never once spoken in her old contemptuous tone of nursery governesses.

Perhaps she has become convinced that every department of honest work is honourable, and that in our lowliest labours we may not only have the great privilege of being useful to others, but that we may, by the various experiences of life, learn for ourselves life-long lessons of wisdom and truth.

When I think of all that God taught me through the character and life of my dear Madame Rostolkin; when I call to mind how much more darling little Vania's sweet, innocent, loving nature did for me, than I was ever able to do for the child—dearly as I loved him—I can only thank God for all the experiences of those twelve years in a foreign land; for the pain as well as the pleasure, the sorrow as much as the joy. And I have learned to say with him of old, "*O Lord, by these things men live, and in all these things is the life of the spirit.*"

WHITE CHRYSANTHEMUMS.



Born of the clouds and darkness,
Of the frosts and early snow;
When the summer blooms have faded,
The beautiful Christ-flowers blow.
All through the budding springtime,
All through the summer's heat,
All through the autumn's glory,
They hide their blossoms sweet.
But when the earth is lonely,
And the bitter north winds blow,
With a smile of cheer for the dear old year,
The Christmas blossoms blow.

Sweet as the dream of summer,
White as the drifting-snow;
When our hearts are filled with grieving,
The beautiful Christ-flowers blow.
Not all the south wind's wooing
Opens their secret heart;
Slender they grow, and stately,
Guarding their life apart.
But when the earth is dreary,
And heavy clouds hang low,
With their tender cheer for the way-worn year
The Christmas blossoms blow.

Sweetest of all consolers!
Fairest of flowers that grow!
When hopes and flowers have faded,
The beautiful Christ-flowers blow.
Bright in the cottage window,
Sweet in the darkened room,
Fair in the shortened sunlight,
Cheering the dusky gloom.
Oh, when our hearts are lonely,
And clouds of care hang low,
What blessed cheer for our dying year,
The Christmas blossoms blow.

FRAULEIN OLGA.

Life in a small German residency has for me something very attractive, a quiet, restful feeling after the bustle and turmoil of London, and yet none of the stagnation I am apt to associate with an English country town. The bright crisp climate, the blue clear sky, the absence of all mist, and the cold, tempered by the intensely still air, combine to make a winter unknown to our moist island; not that I would disparage my native land, but climate is not one of her strong points, as her impartial children must own.

My especial residency, Anglice Royal city, is a merry little town, situated in a most picturesque neighbourhood, whose people take life pretty easily and are much given to the cultivation of music and officers. The latter may be seen any day at noon, strolling down the High Street arm-in-arm, looking as pleased as Punch with themselves and as anxious for admiration as children. Of course I am speaking of the young lieutenants, etc.: older and wiser warriors have no time for such frivolity.

As to the music, that may be heard every day and always, over the entire town; so much so that in one street the police had to issue orders that during practising all windows should be kept shut, and no more than six pianos should be going at once in any single house.

The streets look exactly as if they had just been set up out of a wooden box of toys, and the houses are so large and fine that foreigners are apt to wonder where all the rich people come from who might be able to inhabit these mansions; and the problem would be very puzzling, seeing the town is by no means a wealthy one, if it were not solved by the fact that each storey in each house contains at least one family, a fashion, by-the-by, spreading rapidly in London of late years.

On a second floor in a pleasant and lively thoroughfare, whose only objection was the tram-car whistle (which much resembled the bleating of an asthmatical sheep), occurred, during my visit some year and a half ago, the following episode:—

Picture to yourself a pretty, merry, dark-eyed girl, with a face somewhat too round for perfect beauty, and a brow too low and narrow for great intellectual capacity, but none the worse for that, as in Olga Muller's rank of life housewifery—in fact, if not in theory—took precedence before learning, and Olga was a famous *hausfrau*, so that if she had forgotten most of her very excellent schooling, why, the loss would be considered but trivial. Besides, the great business of preparing her trousseau employed all her spare time, for a trousseauless maiden would be considered a creature lost to all sense of the fitness of things, even though she had no particular prospect of being married. In fact, the trousseau is very often the only part of her marriage arrangements of which a German girl has the management, the husband being chosen by her father and mother and sometimes half her relations besides. Olga, a dutiful daughter, was quite willing that her parents should find her a husband. The only stipulation she made was that she might refuse any one who did not please her; and so fastidious did she prove herself that she drove her mother nearly frantic, as one eligible young man after another was sent about his business.

Poor Frau Muller's life at this period was not an enviable one. Anxiety on account of her daughter's future, and indignation against her husband for his calm indifference on the subject, were sometimes more than she could bear, and then she would fly down to us for sympathy in her troubles. It was often anything but an easy task to console her, as her recitals on these occasions became very much involved, and Olga, Herr Muller, servants, and washerwomen were so hopelessly mixed up that we could not be certain whether it was not Olga who stole the beer, or Herr Muller who tore the clothes, or the washerwoman who was breaking the good Frau Muller's heart by refusing to marry a particularly eligible young man.

Unhappy mother! I really believe she would have worried herself ill, if it had not been for the periodical great wash which fortunately was just about to take place; that saved her, as she had to collect all her energies together in order to prepare for that solemn event. Any one who has not lived in German burgher society can have no idea of the importance of a "great wash;" it is of so absorbing an interest that a true housewife can think of and settle to nothing else for the time being. True, it occurs but seldom, generally four or five times a year, but when it does come round all invitations are refused—coffee-parties, so dear to the heart of a German woman, not so much as thought of—all visits declined, and the feminine part of the family give themselves up to the delights of soapsuds, flat-irons, and gossip, for who is so posted in the affairs of the neighbourhood as the washerwoman? The love for the "great wash" I look upon as something peculiarly Teutonic, and I verily believe that many women think a festoon of clothes on a line superior in beauty to a trailing vine. I know Frau Muller was quite taken aback because we objected to our yard being made the general drying-ground for the neighbourhood. She thought our education had been sadly neglected. We hear of being educated up to a blue china tea-pot—some day we may come to clothes-line worship! —who knows?

We had not seen anything of the Mullers for more than ten days, and had begun to think that affairs up-stairs were going on more smoothly, when Frau Muller paid us a visit in a more than usually melancholy mood. In a pitiful and solemn tone she asked us what would become of Olga if she persisted in her reckless course of refusing every suitor found for her.

"You know, my dears, a girl of twenty-three not engaged we look upon as quite an old maid, and Olga was twenty-one last birthday; and all this evil comes of her father's foolish indulgence in letting her choose for herself. Ah, things were very different in my young days! when my father told me to marry Muller I said 'Yes' at once, and was glad to take him. I never dreamt of breaking *my* mother's heart, as Olga is doing, by refusing a most desirable young man, who worships the very ground she walks on, and is ready to take her without a sixpence. Tell me, where will you find such another case of disinterestedness? I should like to know. And that minx Olga will scarcely deign to speak to him. Oh, dear! oh, dear! that I should live to see my daughter an old maid!"

To say that there are worse conditions in life than remaining a spinster would, we knew, be only adding fuel to the fire. Besides, the whole affair, to our English manner of thinking, was so ludicrous that we felt very much inclined to laugh.

We also knew the young man in question; not at all a girl's ideal. He was stout, heavy, and thick-set, with very limited powers of conversation; a young fellow more likely to please the parent with the solidity of his possessions than the daughter by the elegance of his manners. The evenings he spent with the Mullers he mostly employed in staring Olga out of countenance, and in drinking the light German beer, the national drink of the country.

Poor Frau Muller! Her distress was very genuine, and she firmly believed that some evil would happen to Olga if she did not turn from her wilful ways.

We consoled the harassed mother as best we could, assuring her that Olga was still young and would meet her fate sooner or later, and suggested that she should take things a little more easily—the one thing she could not bring herself to do.

Next day we left the residency for a short stay amongst the hills at what in Germany is called a pure-air-health-resort, generally a small hotel, situated in a picturesque neighbourhood, where the atmosphere is considered so good as to be a cure for most diseases. This particular resort had the additional attraction of having been the hunting-box of an extremely reprehensible duke in the last century, one of whose amusements was to drive four horses abreast down a steep hill over a very rough road, driving over any one who could not get out of the way fast enough. Perhaps he suffered from phychopathy, for he seems to have been all the way

round so bad that tradition relates that the devil came one night to fetch him, and after a severe struggle, dragged him through a very small window, which is still shown, and the country people around firmly believe that once a year, on the date of this disappearance, the whole scene is repeated.

However, as the occurrence took place in midwinter, the peaceful slumbers of the most nervous of the summer guests need never be disturbed by fears of duke or devil.

The duke certainly did disappear, but history hints at fiends in human form, rendered desperate by some especially unpopular act of despotism.

During the month we spent in the delicious idleness and mooning only permissible in the hottest days of a very hot summer we heard not a word from the Mullers, a circumstance which did not surprise us, knowing the family aversion to pen and ink. Naturally we were curious to know how they had been faring during our absence, so we hailed with great pleasure a visit from Frau Muller the evening of our return.

Yes, they were all well, and, at last, the desire of her heart was about to be gratified. Olga was engaged to a most delightful young man, the only son of a rich manufacturer of Reisheim, and Joseph would be taken into partnership on his marriage.

This, in plain English, meant that Olga's dower would buy her future husband into the firm, a common practice in Germany, where many a man looks upon taking a wife as a means of starting himself in life. The betrothal would not take place until Olga had paid a round of visits to his family; but in the meantime there was going to be a grand coffee-party in honour of the event, and would we give her the pleasure of our company on the occasion?

Now a true German coffee-party is a solemn and very solid affair, in no way resembling our light and airy afternoon tea, an occasion when all the guests sit resolutely round a dining-table, with the firm determination of not moving as long as anything to eat remains before them. In truth, good manners require them to eat up everything, and not refuse one single dish, even if they feel the next morsel will choke them. This custom makes the whole affair somewhat alarming, for though long habit may enable the natives to partake of six huge cakes of the richest description without feeling any the worse, on foreigners the burden is almost more than they can bear without feeling very ill indeed.

Men are rarely admitted at these feasts, which are served up with all the scandal and gossip that can be gleaned from the various neighbourhoods, and she is queen for the time being who can tell the best tale to her neighbour's (dis) advantage. Remembering all this, we accepted the invitation with fear and trembling; but it would have gone to Frau Muller's heart if we had refused.

We arrived a few minutes late—a terrible breach of etiquette. We couldn't help it; Frau Muller would send down the last moment and borrow our biggest cake-dish, which had to be unearthed—from the attic, I think—flats in general not being well provided for in the way of cupboards. Our hostess received us with effusion, evidently trying to pretend she had not noticed the delay, nor the bitter speeches the hungry guests had been making in consequence.

Olga looked radiant, but to our surprise her mother talked of the approaching marriage in a melancholy, subdued tone, and confided to us that she feared the separation would be her death-blow, as the young couple necessarily must reside in Reisheim, and how was she to travel all that distance? No doubt Joseph was a very nice fellow, but men were such deceivers; why, she had thought Muller a perfect lamb before she married, and they had not been in housekeeping two months when he cut down her coffee-parties to half, saying he would not have a troop of old women meddling in his affairs. So you see, my dear, one never knows, and perhaps it is better not to marry at all, but then that isn't the style here, and we can't set ourselves against the fashion.

On a fine June morning, at six a.m., Olga Muller started on her expedition to make the acquaintance of her future connections. The inhabitants of the residency are early birds, and six a.m is looked upon as a very reasonable time for undertaking a journey. We, who were to accompany her part of the way, found it a trifle early, but as a hint to the effect that there were many trains to Reisheim during the day and the distance was but twenty miles appeared quite incomprehensible to the Mullers, we gave up in despair and succumbed to the inevitable.

I remember there was a poor man on the journey suffering from a bad headache, to whom we gave some eau-de-Cologne, with which he was so delighted that a friend of his couldn't stand it, and drew out a big blue cotton handerchief, and begged that he too might be perfumed.

We had long letters from Olga telling us about all the coffees and dances given in her honour; how she was crowned Queen in the cotillon, and what grand suppers they had given them—all the delicacies of the season, not forgetting the substantial, such as roast veal and braised beef. People dine so early in those parts that they probably require solids towards the small hours of the morning, after some hours of merrymaking.

Sad it is, though true, that brightest days are ever fleetest, and Olga had to return home all too soon for her own happiness, having won golden opinions, and made Joseph prouder than ever of his sweet and pretty bride. Many were the entreaties that she would stay just a little longer; but no, the important and urgent business of collecting her trousseau demanded immediate attention, and so she bid good-bye to her kind friends, little thinking that she would soon look back to that visit as the brightest spot in her life. Seeing she had been preparing her wedding gear ever since she had left school, we had been led to believe that there would be little left to get. But, dear me, we were very much mistaken. One would have thought she had never troubled about the matter before, so occupied was she. Pile after pile of linen arrived (for the bride not only provides her own, but also the house linen), until she had what appeared to us a stock sufficient to furnish an orphanage.

Then came the important meeting of the two fathers to arrange the settlements. Alas for Olga, now it came out that Joseph's father had only given his consent to the marriage on the understanding that Olga would have £3,000, and Herr Muller was unwilling or unable to give her more than £2,500. The fury of the two old men at finding themselves (as they imagined) so deceived may be better imagined than described, and they made it pretty hot for Joseph.

He was quite taken aback at the disclosure, as he thought Herr Muller to be a rich man, and town gossip always gave Olga £3,000 to her dowry. Not that he himself cared a straw about the matter, he was far too much in love, but in mentioning that sum to his father he had spoken in good faith, and now he felt like an impostor.

What was to be done? He was in despair. He apologised. He tried to explain. But the irate old men would not

A German Wedding.

listen to a word, and from abusing him took to abusing each other, and ended by invoking dire calamities on the heads of son and daughter if they dared to speak to each other again. Joseph suffered severely, and vented his feelings by inveighing against the worldliness of fathers in general and his own in particular; but the blow fell heaviest upon poor Olga, and for the time crushed her completely.

All preparations for the wedding ceased, and Olga began to look thin and hollow-eyed, and would sometimes come to us and sob as if her heart would break, yet she was too dutiful a daughter ever to dream of disobeying her father.

One day Olga came to us in a great state of excitement. "We wouldn't think badly of her? She dare not tell papa or mamma, but she had received a letter from Joseph, entreating her to wait for him only one year, and then he would be in a position to support her, independent of both fathers. Of course it is impossible," she continued, with a heavy sigh; "papa said he would disown me if I dared to marry Joseph, and mamma calls me a wicked girl if I even mention his name, but I do love him very dearly, and it is such a comfort to know you do not think so ill of him. Oh, if it only could be as we once hoped!"

Four or five days passed away before Olga told us that she had had another letter, a sad farewell from Joseph, saying in conclusion that as she had given him up he didn't care what became of himself, and he thought the best thing to do would be to reconcile his father.

"What does he mean, Olga?"

"I don't know," she answered mournfully.

We were not, however, left long in doubt, for the news soon came that Joseph was engaged to a rich girl of Reisheim, and the match had met with the entire satisfaction of his family. While this little romance was being played out, Otto Fritz, the before-mentioned disinterested but uninteresting young man, Olga's constant lover, had married at the earnest entreaties of his family, and lost his wife shortly after. Being of an economical turn of mind, and having a home to keep up, he wisely considered a wife would be cheaper than a housekeeper, so that when he heard that Olga was also free once more he lost no time in coming forward again. Backed by Herr and Frau Muller, it was not likely Olga would resist long now. She was too broken-spirited to care much, and she couldn't bear to see her mother miserable. Anything was better than that.

I thought she looked very pretty, though perhaps a trifle pale, as she walked arm in arm with the bridegroom up the aisle of the grand old church. It is a curious fashion, that of the bride and bridegroom entering the church alone and by a different door from the guests. The service, which is gone through by the pastor, bride, and bridegroom entirely alone, is one I do not admire, and think our English marriage ceremony much prettier.

The two made one, we adjourned to a grand dinner at one of the largest restaurants in the town, after which there was dancing, and finally a huge and rather heavy supper, in which hot veal, beef, and plums figured largely of course, not forgetting champagne or beer. Everybody gave everybody they knew of the party a present, all of which were brought in on a huge tray in the bran-pie style, and caused much laughter, for many of the gifts were more amusing than costly. I was told this was a very old custom, and so ended this little love story, very prosaically, I fear.

Olga is happy in a quiet, sober way, but settled down into a thorough *hausfrau*, looked upon as a model by her neighbours and adored by her husband. But she is quiet, very quiet; however, Otto is content, and if he does sometimes wish that his wife were a little more like the high-spirited Olga he once knew, why, that is his concern. E. W.

HOW TO TEACH ONE'S SELF FOREIGN LANGUAGES.

BY ADA HEATHER-BIGG.

A BRIGHT young girl who had been duly finished in various costly Continental schools, was one day greatly delighted to discover that a man of remarkable attainments, upon whose lips the whole room hung whenever he chose to open them, was quite unable to make the chambermaid of the German hotel, where he was staying, understand that his clean washing had not been brought up to his room.

With pleased pride the young lady rushed to the rescue, and successfully played the part of interpreter. But her inward elation having betrayed itself in her face, the great man thought it incumbent upon him to snub her unmercifully, and he did so in the following fashion:

"Young lady," he growled forth, "it is possible to know ten languages and to have only one idea. It is better to know only one language and to have ten ideas."

Now there was, of course, a certain amount of force in this remark, but it would be absurd to construe it as meaning that a knowledge of foreign languages is a matter of little moment. The eminent thinker of whom it is here quoted would have been the last to affirm this. What he meant to bring out was that too much stress may be laid upon an *unintelligent* knowledge of foreign languages. To speak French, German, or Italian as a *courier* or a lady's maid speaks them—that is to say, to be able to express the ordinary wants of daily life in very ordinary colloquial fashion—is not a thing to be proud of. It has its conveniences, no doubt, but it certainly constitutes no claim to intellectual pre-eminence. Far otherwise is it with a cultured knowledge of foreign tongues. This indeed is a precious possession, throwing open, as it does, the ever-growing literature of other nations, and itself serving, while in process of acquisition, as a potent factor in the development of ideas.

So important is such knowledge that everything which can be done, should be done to facilitate its general diffusion, and it is with this aim in view that an attempt will be made in the present article to indicate clearly the best methods of teaching one's self a given foreign language. Sojourn in foreign countries is not, of course, to be classed as one of these methods, since, when one talks of *teaching* one's self anything, some amount of conscious effort is implied. Now it is plain that in picking up a language in the country itself, in the way in which we ourselves acquire our native tongue—that is, by hearing it spoken by all around us—very little effort is involved, so little indeed, that instead of saying we are *learning* to speak French, German, or Italian, we ought, under such circumstances, to say we are *coming* to speak them.

The study of languages carried on under the too common difficulties of no instructor and no stay abroad, is quite another matter, and the effort involved here is so considerable that it renders methods of minimising the same very desirable.

It is, perhaps, best to point out what steps ought not to be taken before dwelling on those which should. For instance, a signal error, which every intending student should be warned against, is placing undue reliance on the efficacy of writing out exercises and learning grammar.

Many a young girl, who is fired with the ambition to make herself thorough mistress of the French language, gets disgusted at the outset by finding, after toiling laboriously through tedious exercises, that, when she comes to read an easy play or novel, she cannot understand the sense of the simplest passage.

A little reflection would show that she had gone to work entirely in the wrong way. For obviously, the best method of learning a foreign language must be to follow as closely as possible the procedure of the child acquiring its own tongue. Now infants are known to understand the sense of what is said to them long before they can themselves say more than a few monosyllables. Nor is it hard to explain why this is so. A meaning that is quite clear to the child is associated by constant repetition with the word whose significance is as yet unknown, till the sound of the spoken, and later on the sight of the printed, word inevitably calls up the appropriate idea.

Now, in the study of foreign languages by young persons and adults, there is a method to be followed which corresponds very fairly with the foregoing process. The student begins by procuring an English translation of some attractive foreign work, which she reads through and through, till a great deal of it remains in her memory. She then gets the foreign book itself, having previously mastered the articles, and two or three tenses of the verbs "to have" and "to be," and is at once in a position to pick out, partly by guessing, partly by remembering, sentence upon sentence whose meaning is clear to her.

Every day, as she pores more and more diligently over the foreign book, the sense of an increasing number of passages becomes plain to her. Every now and then, too, when baffled by some one word or idiom in a sentence otherwise clear to her, she will place the English translation by the side of the foreign original, and devote her time to systematically comparing the corresponding passages in each.

For instance, if Italian be the language she is learning, she will not be long before she notices that the masculine form of the article "the" is constantly followed by words ending in "o," while the feminine form precedes many words ending in "a." To conclude that nouns ending in "o" are masculine, those ending in "a" feminine, will be only natural, and when she turns to the grammar she will find that such indeed is the case. In this way, then, to quote Sydney Smith, the rules of grammar become "a confirmation of previous observation, not an irksome multitude of directions heaped up without any opportunity of immediate application."

By adopting this plan of making one's self familiar with a foreign work through the medium of a translation, and then reading it in the original with the assistance both of dictionary and translation, two purposes are served. The learner forms for herself an extensive foreign vocabulary, and acquires also a great deal of practical grammar.

It is urged by many that these objects will be more swiftly and effectually attained if literal translations are used, but the present writer does not share this opinion. Such literal translations can only be advantageously resorted to at a somewhat later stage of the student's progress—at the point, in fact, where she begins to try her hand at turning the English back into the foreign language. A very literal translation of a book does not convey, with sufficient ease and clearness, the sense of the author's meaning. To read a literally translated book is a most fatiguing achievement, as any one will say who has attempted to read straight through that one of Franz Hoffmann's tales, which Dr. Fischel has translated in his German Reading Book. The English version of the tale is so literal here, that sentences have to be read over twice at least before the meaning expressed by them forces its way to the luckless student's brain. In fact, one might almost say that the English itself has to be translated—or any way, remoulded on syntactical principles, as one goes along.

When, on the other hand, one studies by the aid of a free, though fairly close translation, one gets a good general idea of the sense to be conveyed, and this is more akin to what we find in the infant, at the age when it first grapples with the difficulties of speech. For instance, "Baby, have some cake?" is understood by the child as embodying an offer of something to eat, long before it has any appreciation of the precise value of the different words in the sentence. "Baby," "cake," and a questioning intonation, would answer every purpose, but the addition of the words "have" and "some" does not prevent its understanding what is said to it, while it certainly prepares the child to appreciate the force of those additional words when, later on, it is advanced enough to appropriate and make use of them.

A further reason for advocating the free translation method of learning a foreign tongue is, that it is so eminently adapted to the requirements of those person, who desire neither to write nor to speak in foreign languages, but who take up the study, either for the pleasure of reading French and German books in the original, or because their special avocations render it imperative that they should be able to acquaint themselves with the views of foreign authors, without waiting till these appear in a translated form. To scientists, medical men, journalists, and the like, it is of vital importance that they should be able to keep themselves *au courant* with what is being thought and done abroad, and when they are once in a position to do this, they are quite content.

Not so, however, would-be candidates for examination, and all persons who intend either to take up the scholastic profession or to embark in commerce. Such people need both to be able to speak and to write the particular language they have selected for study, and they are therefore obliged to go on from the point where others may safely leave off. They must not simply know by the general look of a sentence that it means so and so, they must be able to recall the words and their arrangement, and to reproduce them when necessary. In order to do this with ease, the absolutely literal translation of a book with which they are already familiar through the ordinary free translation, must be made use of, and every day half a page or so must be turned back into the original, and corrected by reference to it. When two or three books have been treated in this way, they can next proceed to turn freely translated passages back into the original. They should also seek to effect slight alterations in detached sentences, changing affirmative assertions into negative and interrogative ones, and principal clauses into subordinate. And then, if it is at all possible, they should at this stage endeavour to get conversational lessons from a native. Failing means to pay for such lessons, residents in large towns may yet often manage to secure them by applying at homes, institutes, or agencies for foreign teachers, and offering to exchange an hour's tuition in the English language for an hour's conversation with any foreign lady or gentleman who may care to learn English. If they succeed in getting a weekly hour or two of foreign conversation for any considerable period, they will, it is safe to predict, have then obtained a very complete mastery of the foreign language; and, even as far as pronunciation goes, will fall short only of that lucky minority who can acquire languages abroad.*

CHRISTMAS JOY.

"WHAT means this glory round our feet,"
The Magi mused, "more bright than morn?"
And voices chanted, clear and sweet,
"To-day the Prince of Peace is born."

"What means this stir," the shepherds said,
"That brightness through the rocky glen?"
And angels answering overhead,
Sang, "Peace on earth, good-will to men!"

'Tis eighteen hundred years, and more,
Since those sweet oracles were dumb;
We wait for Him, like them of yore;
Alas! He seems so slow to come.

But it is said, in words of gold
No time or sorrow e'er shall dim,
That little children might be bold
In perfect trust to come to Him.

All round about our feet shall shine
A light like that the wise men saw,
If we our loving wills incline
To that sweet Life which is the Law.

So shall we learn to understand
The simple faith of shepherds, then;
And kindly clasping hand in hand,
Sing, peace on earth, good-will to men!

—*James Russell Lowell.*

* The following books will be found useful by students:—I. An English and a German version of the "Vicar of Wakefield." "Herman and Dorothea," with the translation into English hexameters on the opposite pages. F. Watkin. Fischel's German Reading Book (Rolandi). II. "Meta Holdenis," by V. Cherbuliez; and Alfred de Musset's "Il Faut qu'une Porte soit Ouverte ou Fermée," with the English version of the same. III. An Italian Bible. "I Promessi Spossi," and English version of the same.

THE month of December may fairly be considered mid-winter, and is the time of all others for having a new warm winter dress, which will be at its best for Christmas, and need not have much of the bloom taken off it before the days get brighter and longer and there is some promise of spring. A very neat and pretty style is shown in our illustration, and it is intended to be made up in ladies' cloth or serge.

The foundation skirt must be made just a few inches wider, say two inches in front and one inch and a half on either side, than the one for which we recently gave full directions. Then the front width must be hemmed, braided, and tacked in position, and the back portion must have the widths run together, pressed, hemmed, and have the pockets laid on, before any attempt is made to put it on the foundation. If the material is 26 or 27 inches wide three full widths should be allowed, or if it is 50 inches or thereabouts, a width and a half will be enough. Tack the front edges down, and arrange for the material to come quite plain over the hips, gather the centre portion into about seven inches, and sew into the band.

This skirt should have a flat cushion or mattress, five inches square, fastened into the waist, and one steel nine inches below, with the strings quite firmly tied, but not so as to form too much of a bow. Another pretty way of arranging the fulness is to put a box pleat on each side immediately after tacking them down over the front; but this leaves rather less fulness behind. The foundation skirt must be edged with a foot kilt, or else the material will not stand out at the bottom as it ought to do. The bodice has a crossover vest of soft twilled or liberty silk, and is trimmed with piece velvet cut on the cross, of a darker shade than the dress. Hooks and eyes are placed on either side, so as to admit of the use of another vest, but they are quite hidden under the velvet.

Out-door jackets, when worn, as they are, by young girls in fine weather, are a little longer than those of last year, and not quite so many of them have loose fronts, though those that have are invariably made with a tight-fitting vest or under-waistcoat.

There is a reaction in favour of large plain buttons exactly matching the fabric on which they are placed. The bone and horn and gilt buttons have been at once too common and too staring not to vulgarise everything fastened with them.

The flat bonnets have quite disappeared, and it is said that they were only introduced by Parisian milliners as novelties for the Exhibition; and as people found them unbecoming, it ended in two bonnets being bought instead of one.

Astrachan, both grey and black, is very much worn, the impetus being probably given by the fact that Princess Louise of Wales had in her trousseau one or two dresses trimmed with black astrachan, with muff, collarette, and hat to match. A charmingly neat grey cloth pelisse, ordered in this country for a foreign princess, had two narrow strips of grey astrachan down it on either side, and cuffs and collar of the same. A great many winter wraps are of the pelisse kind, and form complete dresses.

Bordered dresses are being worn in all sorts of materials, cloths, Noble's flannels, and even thin fabrics for evening wear. The border, whether in-woven or scalloped, goes all along one selvedge, and the stuff is wide enough for the ordinary length of skirt. The foundation is made and finished with its foot kilt as described above, and then the proper quantity of the bordered or edged material is joined up by a single seam, and the dressmaker's skill is determined by the manner in which she hangs this upper petticoat over the foundation. It is a great saving of time and work, and looks extremely nice when well arranged. Wide black net is made in this manner, with a lace edge, sometimes enriched with a few beads, and made up over black or coloured foundations. This of course suggests an easy mode of converting two dresses into one, or doing up one that has seen some service, and most people look well in anything made of or covered with lace.

The fashionable scale of colours seems to include every shade of red, except brickdust, which has had its day, all greens except grass green, several shades of slate, and a goodly assortment of browns. Navy-blue of course has its adherents, especially among sensible people, but taken altogether blue is not popular just now. Tea-gowns are being made of figured striped woollen fabrics, not at all unlike those used last year for cloaks, and though it increases their resemblance to dressing-gowns, it brings them within the range of comfortable in-door garments. A tea-gown of this kind has no fit about it except round the neck and on the shoulders, and is often extremely useful, but it is entirely a dress for the house, and quite out of place if worn anywhere else.

There is scarcely any change in the fichus and other trifles that smarten up an ordinary dress for evening, but bows of white fancy lisse or net are often tied up according to the wearer's fancy, and pinned on at the neck. They are not very durable, but may, with a little care, be worn half a dozen times or so.

The pattern of the bodice in our illustration may be had on sending 9d. in stamps to M. L., at the office of the MOTHERS' COMPANION.

INDEX.

PAGE.

Babies of the Antipodes 42

Cookery 95

Dress and Dressmaking 15, 31, 48, 64, 80, 96, 112, 128, 144, 160, 176, 187
Dust-yard Women. E. E. Dickinson 69

Easter Customs, Some. The Editor 55
Eighty Years' War, A Tale of the. B. Pechman 26
Employment of Women in the Post-office, The. Mrs. Henry Fawcett 12

Force and a Delight, A 139
Foreign Languages, How to Teach One's Self. Ada Heather-Bigg 185
Fraulein Olga 181
Fritz's First Whipping. H. E. Grey 123
Fuller, Margaret. Alice Eachus 172

Gardening. I. L. Richmond ... 71
Gardening for November. I. L. Richmond... 171
Gardening for October. I. L. Richmond 151
Gardening, Hints on. Geraniums. I. L. Richmond 140
Give To-day a Chance 100

Handy Things 155
Her Sphere. Elizabeth P. Allan... 156
Hessie's Trust. Florence Upton 158, 166
Holiday in the Ardennes, Our. Archibald Clarke... 88
Household Decoration 92

"In Order." A Homely Homily. Mary L. G. Petrie, B.A. 165

Japan, The New Year in 5

Katherine's Fall. Lina Orman Cooper 136
Katinka's Betrothal. Mary E. Ropes, Author of "The Fortunes of the Frejhaldts," "Prince and Page," "My Golden Ship," etc. 13, 58, 76, 93

Letter-writing, Some Hints as to 27

PAGE.

Loose Blouse, or Garibaldi Shirt. E. J. Davies 102

Medical Woman's Day in India, A. Mrs. Scharlieb, M.D. 40
Medical Work in India, How to Prepare for. Mrs. Scharlieb, M.D., B.Sc. 108
Miracles, Modern. Mrs. G. E. Morton 141
Miss Hayson's Roses. Faith Chiltern 117
More, Hannah. Mrs. Henry Fawcett 21
Musks for a North Aspect. Bella Johnson 101

National Home-Reading Union, The. Benjamin Clarke... ... 133
Nook in Cornwall, A Quiet. Mrs. Atkins, M.D. 119
Novelties in Decoration 61

Patterns, Sensible Use of Paper. J. E. Davis 39, 54
Physical Education of Children. Mrs. Scharlieb, M.D., B.S.... 150, 168
Pretty and Easy-washing Skirt, A. J. E. Davis 126

Rostolkins, The Secret of the, Mary E. Ropes, Author of "The Fortunes of the Frejhaldts," "Katinka's Betrothal," etc. 161, 177

Sallie's Boy. Jessie M. E. Saxby, Author of "Dora Coyne," etc. 2, 17, 34, 49, 65, 81, 97, 113, 129, 145
Sickness and in Health, In. Edith A. Barnett, Joint Author of "Our Nurses" 38, 62, 86, 135
Simple Sweets for Dinner or Supper 11
Squire's Last Walk, The. M. M. Pollard 6
Suppers and Breakfasts. I. L. Richmond 79

Tea, How to Make a Good Cup of. E. D. Harris 125
Those Children; or, Semper Fidelis. Annie G. G. Gray-Jones, Author of "One Winter's Night," "The Old Lock Farm," etc. 72

PAGE.

Twilight Thoughts for Wives and Mothers. J. E. Panton... ... 110

Walk, An Exciting. Grace Stebbing 104
Wedding of a Chinese Christian in North China. Emily M. Johnson 152
What Shall We Eat? Elizabeth Martyn 30, 47, 154, 175
Winter Exercise for Girls. Mrs. Atkins, M.D. 14
Wives, Our 75
Women's Co-operative Guild, The. Miss Llewelyn Davies 170
Word in Behalf of the Little Girls, A. L. W. Palmer. 95
Worker, The Best. Edith C. Kenyon 28

Yankee Helps. Annie R. Ramsey 91

POETRY.

A Dream. M. S. Haycraft ... 149

Christmas Joy 186

February Idyll, A. Jane E. Livock 24
Freeing the Birds at Capri. Kate T. Sizer 52

"Home-sick" 143
Hospital, A Cry from the 101

Kiss and a Smile, A 110

Last Poem, A. Helen Jackson ... 133

Separation of Friends. Frances Anne Kemble 37
Ships at Rest 85

"The Least of These." Ellen E. Chase 70

Veiled Angel, The. Jessie M. E. Saxby 6

Way it Struck Her, The. Margaret Eytinge 46
Weariness. Mary K. A. Stone ... 116
Weary. Elizabeth Schirmer ... 31
White Chrysanthemums 181

Printed by HAZELL, WATSON, & VINEY, Ld., London and Aylesbury.

14 FEB 90

S. W. PARTRIDGE & CO.'S

ILLUSTRATED YEARLY VOLUMES

FOR 1889.

"Each and all of these popular periodicals is bright with pictures and full of excellent reading, suitable to the various classes and ages for which they are intended."—*Sheffield Daily Telegraph.*

"We wish ever-growing success to these faultless periodicals."—*Sword and Trowel.*

"All with bright pictures and good stories pointing excellent morals."—*Daily Telegraph.*

One Penny Monthly.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

THE FAVOURITE MAGAZINE FOR CHILDREN,

With splendid Pictures and delightful Stories.

The YEARLY VOLUME, coloured paper cover, 1s. 6d.; cloth, 2s.; gilt edges, 2s. 6d.

One Penny Monthly.

THE INFANTS' MAGAZINE.

Full of Bright Pictures and Merry Rhymes,

PRINTED IN LARGE TYPE.

The YEARLY VOLUME, coloured paper cover, 1s. 6d.; cloth, 2s.; gilt edges, 2s. 6d.

One Penny Monthly.

THE FRIENDLY VISITOR.

Gospel Stories and Poems,

Printed in Large Type, and Finely Illustrated.

The YEARLY VOLUME, coloured paper cover, 1s. 6d.; cloth, 2s.; gilt edges, 2s. 6d.

One Penny Monthly.

THE FAMILY FRIEND.

A Beautifully-Illustrated

MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME CIRCLE.

The YEARLY VOLUME, coloured paper cover, 1s. 6d.; cloth, 2s.; gilt edges, 2s. 6d.

Weekly, 1d. Monthly, 6d.

"A. 1."

Illustrated Family Magazine.

With Contributions by the Best Writers of the Day.

Illustrated by First-class Artists.

The SECOND YEARLY VOLUME, cloth, bevelled boards, 8s.; gilt edges, 9s. 6d.

Halfpenny Monthly.

THE BAND OF MERCY.

An Illustrated

Monthly Paper to teach the Young

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

The YEARLY VOLUME, coloured paper cover, 1s.; cloth, gilt edges, 2s.

One Penny Monthly.

THE BRITISH WORKMAN.

An Illustrated Paper

For Promoting the Health, Wealth, and Happiness of the Working Classes.

The YEARLY PART, coloured paper cover, 1s. 6d.; cloth, gilt edges, 2s. 6d.

Halfpenny Monthly.

THE BAND OF HOPE REVIEW.

Temperance Stories and Recitations for Boys and Girls.

With Large Illustrations.

The YEARLY PART, coloured paper cover, 1s.; cloth, gilt edges, 2s.

One Penny Monthly.

THE MOTHERS' COMPANION.

An Illustrated

MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME.

The YEARLY VOLUME, coloured paper cover, 1s. 6d.; cloth, 2s.; gilt edges, 2s. 6d.

LONDON: S. W. PARTRIDGE & CO., 9, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

ONE SHILLING EACH.

Key-Notes for Life's Anthem. A Scripture Text Book, with appropriate Poems (selected by CHARLOTTE MURRAY) for each day in the month. Thirty-six illustrations, fourteen in best style of chromo-lithography, and twenty-two in monotint. Fancy boards, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d; roan, 2s.

Left with a Trust. By NELLIE HELLIS, author of "The Three Fiddlers," "Gipsy Jan," etc. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, cloth extra.

Yvonne St. Claire; or, Won by Patience. By ELIZA F. POLLARD, author of "Robert Ashe," etc., etc. Illustrated by W. Rainey. Crown 8vo, cloth extra. 1s. 6d.

Bolingbroke's Folly. By NELLIE HELLIS. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, cloth extra.

Arthur Egerton's Ordeal; or, God's Way not our Way. By the author of "Ellerslie House," etc. With ten illustrations by Robert Barnes. Crown 8vo, cloth.

Nan; or, The Power of Love. By ELIZA F. POLLARD, author of "Avice," "Hope Deferred," etc. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, cloth extra.

The Last of the Abbots. By Rev. A. BROWN. New edition. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, cloth extra.

Temperance Stories for the Young. By T. S. ARTHUR, author of "Ten Nights in a Bar Room." With seven full-page engravings. Cloth extra. New Edition.

Sweet Nancy. By L. T. MEADE, author of "Scamp and I," "A Band of Three," etc. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, cloth extra.

Merry Times for Tiny Folks. A Picture Book for the Young. By J. D. With four full-page coloured and numerous other illustrations. Coloured paper boards, 1s.; cloth extra, 1s. 6d.

Holiday Hours in Animal-Land. By Uncle Harry. With fifty illustrations. Coloured paper boards, 1s.; cloth extra, 1s. 6d.

Sunny Faces. A Picture Book for Happy Hours. By D. J. D., author of "Our Picture Book," etc. With four full-page coloured, and several other illustrations. Coloured paper boards, 1s.; cloth extra, 1s. 6d. Twentieth Thousand.

Bible Pictures and Stories (Old Testament). By D.J.D., author of "Pets Abroad," etc. With about forty-four full-page illustrations. Coloured paper boards, 1s.; cloth extra, 1s. 6d. Twentieth Thousand.

Bible Pictures and Stories (New Testament). By JAMES WESTON, author of "Dick's Holiday," etc. With forty-six beautiful full-page Illustrations by W. J. Webb, Sir John Gilbert, and others. Fcap. 4to, illustrated boards, 1s. Cloth gilt, bevelled boards, 1s. 6d. Fiftieth Thousand.

Stories and Pictures of Animal Life. By JAMES WESTON, author of "Pretty Pictures for Tiny Pets." With several illustrations. Foolscap 4to, coloured paper boards, 1s.; cloth extra, 1s. 6d.

Pictures and Stories of Birds, Beasts, and Fishes. With Descriptive Stories by JAMES WESTON, author of "The Young Folk's Picture Book," "Bible Pictures and Stories," etc. Fifty illustrations. Fcap. 4to, illustrated boards, 1s. Cloth extra, bevelled boards, 1s. 6d. Twentieth Thousand.

ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE EACH.

David Livingstone: His Labours and His Legacy. By ARTHUR MONTEFIORE, F.R.G.S., author of "H. M. Stanley, the African Explorer," etc., etc. Crown 8vo, cloth extra. Fully illustrated.

Henry M. Stanley, the African Explorer. By ARTHUR MONTEFIORE, F.R.G.S. Second edition. Crown 8vo, cloth extra. 160 pages. Fully illustrated.

John Bright, the Man of the People. By JESSE PAGE, author of "Bishop Patteson the Martyr of Melanesia," etc. 160 pages. Crown 8vo, cloth extra. Fully illustrated.

Amaranth's Garden. By M. S. HAYCRAFT, author of "A Quarrel most Unnatural," etc. Illustrated by W. Rainey. Crown 8vo, cloth extra.

Sallie's Boy. By JESSIE M. E. SAXBY, author of "Dora Coyne," etc. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, cloth extra.

Marigold. By L. T. MEADE, author of "Lady of the Forest," etc. Crown 8vo, cloth extra. Illustrations.

How the Village was Won. By ISABEL S. ROBSON. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, cloth extra.

The Little Princess of Tower Hill. By L. T. MEADE, author of "Sweet Nancy," etc. With several illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra.

Dora Coyne; or, Hid in the Heart. By JESSIE M. E. SAXBY. Illustrated by Robert Barnes. Crown 8vo, cloth extra.

John Williams, the Martyr of Erromanga. By Rev. JAMES J. ELLIS. 160 pages, crown 8vo. Fully Illustrated.

Lady Missionaries in Foreign Lands. By Mrs. E. R. PITMAN, author of "Vestina's Martyrdom," etc., etc. 160 pages. Crown 8vo, cloth extra. Fully illustrated.

Robert Morrison, the Pioneer of Chinese Missions. By WILLIAM JOHN TOWNSEND, General Secretary of the Methodist New Connexion Missionary Society, author of "The Great Schoolmen of the Middle Ages." Crown 8vo, 160 pages.

Bishop Patteson, the Martyr of Melanesia. By JESSE PAGE. Crown 8vo, 160 pages.

Griffith John, Founder of the Hankow Mission. Central China. By WILLIAM ROBSON, of the London Missionary Society. Crown 8vo, 160 pages.

Robert Moffat, the Missionary Hero of Kuruman. By DAVID J. DEANE, author of "Martin Luther, the Reformer," "John Wicliffe," etc. Fully illustrated. Crown 8vo, 160 pages, cloth extra.

William Carey, the Shoemaker who became a Missionary. By Rev. J. B. MYERS, Association Secretary, Baptist Missionary Society. Fully illustrated. Crown 8vo, 160 pages, cloth extra.

James Chalmers, Missionary and Explorer of Rarotonga and New Guinea. By WILLIAM ROBSON, of the London Missionary Society. Fully illustrated. Crown 8vo, 160 pages, cloth.

LONDON: S. W. PARTRIDGE & CO., 9, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

TWO SHILLINGS EACH.

THE HOME LIBRARY.

By PANSY.

Crown 8vo, 320 pages, handsome Cloth Cover. Illustrations.

Three People.
Four Girls at Chautauqua.
An Endless Chain.
Ruth Erskine's Crosses.
Ester Ried.
Ester Ried Yet Speaking.
The Chautauqua Girls at Home.
Wise and Otherwise.
The King's Daughter.

Mark Desborough's Vow.
The Strait Gate.
The Better Part.
} By ANNIE S. SWAN.

Edith Oswald; or, Living for Others. By JANE M. KIPPEN. 224 pages.

The Bible Picture Roll. Containing thirty-one large engravings of Scripture Subjects by W. Webb, and other well-known artists, with letterpress for each day in the month. New Edition on roller.

Our Dumb Companions. By Rev. T. JACKSON, M.A. 120 illustrations. Fcap. 4to, cloth gilt.

Anecdotes in Natural History. By Rev. F. O. MORRIS, B.A. With numerous illustrations. Cloth.

Dogs and their Doings. By Rev. F. O. MORRIS, author of "A History of British Birds," etc. Illustrations. Small 4to, cloth extra. New Edition.

Our Four-Footed Friends; or, The History of Manor Farm, and the People and Animals there. By MARY HOWITT. With numerous illustrations. New Edition. Fcap. 4to, cloth extra.

Birds and their Nests. By MARY HOWITT. New and cheaper Edition. Fully illustrated. Fcap. 4to, cloth extra.

Eaglehurst Towers. By EMMA MARSHALL, author of "Life's Aftermath," "In Colston's Days," "A Flight with the Swallows," etc. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, cloth extra.

TWO SHILLINGS & SIXPENCE EACH.

Story of Jesus for Little Children. By Mrs. G. E. MORTON, author of "Wee Donald," etc., etc. With many illustrations. Cloth extra.

Queen Victoria: Scenes and Incidents in Her Life and Reign. By THOMAS FREDERICK BALL. With Ninety-four illustrations. Seventieth Thousand. Tenth Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 2s. 6d., cloth, gilt edges, 3s., morocco, gilt edges, 10s. 6d.

Sunshine for Showery Days. A Children's Picture Scrap Book. Same size as the "Band of Hope Review." Coloured paper boards. Second Edition. Ninth Thousand.

Her Two Sons. A Story for Young Men and Maidens. By Mrs. CHARLES GARNETT, author of "Corbiestanes," "Our Navvies," etc. With illustrations by F. Barnard, R. Barnes, and W. Small. Crown 8vo, cloth.

THREE SHILLINGS & SIXPENCE EACH.

The Eagle Cliff: A Tale of the Western Isles. By R. M. BALLANTYNE, author of "Fighting the Flames," etc., etc. Illustrated by W. H. Groome. Crown 8vo, cloth extra.

John Winter: A Story of Harvests. By EDWARD GARRETT, author of "Occupations of a Retired Life," etc., etc. With eleven illustrations by S. Reid and W. Rainey. Large crown 8vo, cloth extra.

For Honour's Sake. By JENNIE CHAPPELL, author of "Her Saddest Blessing," etc., etc. Illustrated by J. Tresidder. Crown 8vo, cloth extra. Illustrated.

Vashti Savage. By SARAH TYTLER. Illustrated by Robert Barnes. Crown 8vo, cloth extra.

Robert Aske: A Story of the Reformation. By E. F. POLLARD. Illustrated by C. J. Staniland, R.I. Crown 8vo, cloth extra.

The Lady of the Forest. By L. T. MEADE, author of "Scamp and I," "Sweet Nancy," etc. With several illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra.

More Precious than Gold. By JENNIE CHAPPELL, author of "Her Saddest Blessing," etc. With illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra.

The Story of the Bible. Arranged in Simple Style for Young People. One hundred illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth extra. Nineteenth Thousand.

Hallvard Halvorsen; or, The Avalanche. A Story from the Land of the Fjeld, Fjord, and Fos. By NELLIE CORNWALL. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, cloth extra.

Her Saddest Blessing. A Tale. By JENNIE CHAPPELL, author of "Aubert," "One Tiny Link," etc. With Six full-page Engravings by W. S. Stacy. Crown 8vo, cloth extra.

FIVE SHILLINGS EACH.

Cousin Mary. By Mrs. OLIPHANT, author of "Chronicles of Carlingford," "Carita," "The Makers of Florence," etc. Crown 8vo, cloth extra. Illustrated by Charles Gregory, R.I.

The Pilgrim's Progress. By JOHN BUNYAN. Illustrated with fifty-five full-page and other engravings, drawn by Frederick Barnard, J. D. Linton, W. Small, and engraved by Dalziel Brothers. Crown 4to. Cloth, gilt edges. Second Edition. Eighth Thousand.

Transito: A Story of Brazil. By EMMA E. HORNIBROOK, author of "Borne Back," "Marvellous in our Eyes," etc. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, cloth extra.

Edwin, the Boy Outlaw; or, The Dawn of Freedom in England. By J. FREDERICK HODGETTS, late Professor and University Examiner at Moscow, author of "Older England," "England in the Middle Ages," "Harold, the Boy Earl," etc. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, cloth extra.

LONDON: S. W. PARTRIDGE & CO., 9, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

S. W. PARTRIDGE & CO.'S PENNY ILLUSTRATED ALMANACS FOR 1890

ARE NOW READY.

With costly Engravings and Letterpress. ONE PENNY each.

BRITISH WORKMAN ALMANAC.

This Sheet Almanac, with large Engravings, is intended for the walls of Workshops, Cottages, etc. The "Daily Text" is specially commended to the notice of working men and their wives.

BAND OF HOPE ALMANAC.

This beautifully Illustrated Sheet Almanac is designed for the walls of Day and Sunday-Schools, and for use by the Conductors of Bands of Hope.

ANIMAL'S FRIEND ALMANAC.

This popular Sheet Almanac has been found very useful for the walls of Stables, Coach-houses, Farmsteads, etc. It has prevented cruelty, and promoted kindness to animals.

EVERYONE'S ALMANAC.

This Sixteen-Page Almanac, with Text for Daily Reference, many Engravings, Domestic Recipes, etc., is for family use, and should be in every household.

BAND OF MERCY ALMANAC.

This Sheet Almanac is one of the organs of the Band of Mercy Societies for promoting amongst the young the practice of kindness to animals, and is intended for the walls of Schools, Nurseries, etc. Those friends who are interested in this good cause will aid it by presenting copies of this Almanac to Schoolmasters, Schoolmistresses, etc.

THE GOLDEN GRAIN ALMANAC AND CHRISTIAN'S TEXT-BOOK.

Containing a Text of Scripture for Each Day in the Year, arranged under a distinct subject for each Month; Original Hymns, choice Extracts, etc.

ONE-THING-NEEDFUL ALMANAC.

A large-type Gospel Almanac, with much useful information.

NINEPENCE EACH.

The Cousins. By EMMA LESLIE, author of "A Sailor's Lass," etc. Crown 8vo cloth. Illustrated.

Herbert Dalton: A Tale of Fame and Fortune. By M. E. BACOT. Illustrations.

Mattie's Home; or, The Little Match-girl and her Friends. By the author of "Hungry Jack," etc.

The Man of the Family. By JENNIE CHAPPELL, author of "More Precious than Gold," etc. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth.

Benjamin Holt's Boys, and What They Did for Him. By the author of "A Candle Lighted by the Lord." Second Edition. Illustrated. Fcap. 8vo, cloth.

For Lucy's Sake. By ANNIE S. SWAN. With Engravings. Fcap. 8vo, cloth.

Into the Light. By JENNIE PERRETT. Fcap. 8vo, cloth.

Ben Owen: A Lancashire Story. By JENNIE PERRETT. New Edition. Illustrated. Small crown 8vo, cloth extra.

A Boy's Friendship. By JESSE PAGE, author of "That Boy Bob," etc. Illustrated. Small crown 8vo, cloth extra.

Little Mother. By MARGARET HAYCRAFT. Illustrated. Small crown 8vo, cloth extra.

Grandmother's Child. By ANNIE S. SWAN, author of "Mark Desborough's Vow," "The Better Part," etc. New Edition. Small crown 8vo, cloth extra.

NEW SERIES OF SIXPENNY BOOKS.

8vo. 64 pages. Illustrated. Cloth gilt.

"Each little tale is plentifully illustrated, and the stories are told in language which will especially commend itself to juvenile interests and tastes."—*Daily Telegraph.*

"Surely never did the juvenile book-market see prettier sixpennyworths than these. Let them charm a million children."—*Sword and Trowel.*

Buy Your own Cherries, and *How Sam Adams' Pipe* became a Pig. By J. W. KIRTON. With Illustrations. Fcap. 8vo, cloth gilt, 64 pages.

Two Lilies, and other Stories. By JENNIE CHAPPELL.

Only a Bunch of Cherries. By EMMA MARSHALL.

Dandy Jim. By the same author.

Dick's Schooldays. By JESSE PAGE.

Owen's Fortune. By Mrs. F. WEST.

Barker's Gardens. By JESSE PAGE.

Carlos, and *What the Flowers Did.*

Dotties and Carrie. By JESSE PAGE.

Donald's Charge. By HARRIET BOULTWOOD.

Sybil and Her Live Snowball. By Mrs. BOWEN.

Toots: The Autobiography of a Persian Cat. By ALFRED C. FRYER, Ph.D.

The Church Mouse, and *Young Potato Roasters.*

Grumbling Tommy, and *Ronald's Reason.*

Aunt Kelly's Christmas Box, etc. By JENNIE CHAPPELL.

Bright Little Ben; the Story of a Mother's Boy. By JESSE PAGE.

Dick and his Donkey; or, How to Pay the Rent. By Mrs. C. E. BOWEN.

Red Dave; or, "What wilt Thou have me to do?" By M. S. MACRITCHIE.

Lost in the Snow; or, The Kentish Fisherman. By Mrs. C. RIGG.

And Twelve others uniform in size and price.

PARTRIDGE'S CHEAP "PANSY" SERIES.

Imperial 8vo. 64 pages. Many Illustrations. Cover printed in 5 Colours. 4d. each.

THREE PEOPLE.
FOUR GIRLS AT CHAUTAUQUA.
AN ENDLESS CHAIN.
ESTER RIED.
ESTER RIED YET SPEAKING.
RUTH ERSKINE'S CROSSES.
THE KING'S DAUGHTER.
THE CHAUTAUQUA GIRLS AT HOME.
WISE AND OTHERWISE.

LONDON: S. W. PARTRIDGE & CO., 9, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

S. W. PARTRIDGE & CO.'S
ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINES
FOR THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

"All deserve to be classed with the sterling literature of the people, as entering heartily into their best interests, brightening their homes, and encouraging as well as pleasing their children."—*Daily Telegraph*.

ONE PENNY MONTHLY.

The Children's Friend.

The Favourite Magazine for children. With splendid Pictures and delightful Stories.

The YEARLY VOLUME, coloured paper cover, 1s. 6d.; cloth, 2s.; gilt edges, 2s. 6d.

WEEKLY 1d. — MONTHLY 6d.

"A. I."

Illustrated Family Magazine. With contributions by the best writers of the day. Illustrated by first-class artists.

The Second YEARLY VOLUME, cloth, bevelled boards, 8s.; gilt edges, 9s. 6d.

ONE PENNY MONTHLY.

The Infants' Magazine.

Full of Bright Pictures and Merry Reading. Printed in Large Type.

The YEARLY VOLUME, coloured paper cover, 1s. 6d.; cloth, 2s.; gilt edges, 2s. 6d.

ONE PENNY MONTHLY.

THE

Mothers' Companion.

An Illustrated Monthly Magazine, containing Serial Stories, Articles by Popular Writers, and Papers on matters relating to Home Management.

The YEARLY VOLUME, coloured paper cover, 1s. 6d.; cloth, 2s.; gilt edges, 2s. 6d.

ONE PENNY MONTHLY.

The Friendly Visitor.

Gospel Stories and Poems. Printed in Large Type and finely Illustrated.

The YEARLY VOLUME, coloured paper cover, 1s. 6d.; cloth, 2s.; gilt edges, 2s. 6d.

ONE PENNY MONTHLY.

The British Workman.

An Illustrated Paper for promoting the health, wealth, and happiness of the Working Classes.

The YEARLY VOLUME, coloured paper cover, 1s. 6d.; cloth, gilt edges, 2s. 6d.

ONE HALFPENNY MONTHLY.

THE

Band of Hope Review.

Temperance Stories and Recitations for Boys and Girls. With Large Illustrations.

The YEARLY VOLUME, coloured cover, 1s.; cloth, gilt edges, 2s.

ONE PENNY MONTHLY.

The Family Friend.

A beautifully Illustrated Magazine for the Home, with Serial Stories, Interesting Papers for Mothers, Music Page, etc.

The YEARLY VOLUME, coloured paper cover, 1s. 6d.; cloth, 2s.; gilt edges, 2s. 6d.

LONDON: S. W. PARTRIDGE & CO., 9, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.